Roxbury, Jan. 25, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

I am sure you will not need to be reminded that it is one year ago, to-day, since your beloved mother received her translation. The whole scene of that eventful morning comes vividly before me; she feeling such a sense of relief from the suffering she had previously experienced — not knowing that she was death-stricken, and almost immediately to take her flight; you and Frank filially at each side of her, doing all that was possible for her comfort under the trying circumstances; Ellie sitting in front, tenderly removing the froth and phlegm from the mouth; William and Anne Percy witnesses of the last struggle; and I broken in spirit and health, to go from that chamber to another, there to be confined for weeks with a cough and fever [which] came very near proving

fatal. Paradoxically, how long and yet how short the whole intervening period! — But we had no tears for her — only for ourselves. The deliverance for her from all her bodily infirmities must have been inexpressibly joyful to her freed spirit, while the loss to us of her sweet companionship was irreparable.

I meant to have written you a long letter; but just as I was sitting down to do so Mrs. Tenall came to spend the afternoon, and soon Bella Mack came also, so that the time has been absorbed in conversing with them, and I can write only a few lines in great haste, or I shall lose the mail. Both of them make many inquiries about you and yours, and both desired me to give you their kind remembrances. Mr. Mack has been dangerously ill with a kidney complaint — at first supposed to be Bright's disease — but he is now much relieved, and it is hoped out of danger.

This forenoon it occurred to me to have a sitting with Mrs. Rockwood, the medium, to see whether I could get any communication purporting to come from your mother. Ostensibly she came, and had a good deal to say about the joys she was having in her new sphere of existence, her unfailing interest in our welfare, and the delightful society of those near and dear to her, who had preceded her to the Spirit land. She said she had seen my father and mother, and spoken in the highest terms of the latter, saying that she did not wonder that I cherished for her such affection and admiration. Wife referred to her own long protracted confinement, and intimated that she regarded her being thrown out of the wagon at Northampton, when her right arm was dislocated, &c., as the primary or producing cause of her paralysis years afterwards; such was the shock given to her constitution by that unfortunate accident, she thought she never fully recovered from it. And it may have been so.

Her mother was announced as being with her; but I have not time to write all that transpired.

Charley came, and was described to be as beautiful in his present growth as he was when a little boy. His expressions were of the most loving nature. He said that I had often mourned that he did not live to grow up to manhood, but it was ordered otherwise, and yet he was with me, though unseen. On asking him, whether if he had had any other medical treatment his life could have been saved, he replies emphatically in the negative.

Among others who were announced were Henry C. Wright, Dr. S. G. Howe, Mrs. Henry Wilson, Paulina Wright Davis, and Dr. Windship the elder. Each came in a characteristic manner, and addressed me at more or less length. I forgot to say that your mother said she had had a previous meeting with me through another medium — Mrs. Wildes. All this is at least very curious. Your loving Father.